

Put a Little Pep in Your Step

by BeezNeez

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Summary: In the little town of Karasuno, sat a little cafe, on a little street corner next to a hardware store and across from a florist. Inside said cafe sat an orange haired boy, his head resting on top of a cash register. A Coffee Shop AU. Republished due to mysterious disappearance.

Put a Little Pep in Your Step

****A/N:**** This story took on a mind of its own... My apologies for any OOCness.

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><p>In the little town of Karasuno, sat a little cafe, on a little street corner next to a hardware store and across from a florist. Inside said cafe, named The Crow's Roast, sat an orange haired boy behind a counter, with his chin resting on the register sitting in front of him. Shoyo Hinata let out a sigh and ran his hand through his orange locks. It was the time of day when hardly anyone entered the shop, just after dinner when no one wanted caffeine anymore, and Hinata found himself dreadfully bored. Certainly there was an overly stressed college student that needed a cup or two to get him through the night? Or maybe an insomniac who had resigned herself to the fact that she probably wouldn't be sleeping that night?<p>

But, alas, no one entered that lonely shop, and the boy behind the counter simply continued to count the minutes until his boss told him he could head home. Soon enough, Takeda Ittetsu walked out from the back with Hinata's gentle coworker, Sugawara Koushi, where they had been taking stock and reorganizing. A boisterous laugh echoed throughout the quaint cafe, as the fourth, and last currently working employee, Ryunosuke Tanaka, followed the others out of the back room. Tanaka was supposedly helping reorganize, but it was much more likely that he had shirked his duties off onto the others.

Tanaka and Hinata himself currently attend the community college near by, from which Sugawara had recently graduated. Takeda, or Take-san as everyone calls him, is the manager of the small coffee shop. He is in his late twenties, having graduated from college years ago, and keeps the shop running smoothly, despite his somewhat clumsy ways, and the fact that his subordinates are generally incompetent. Not that Takeda would ever say that to them. Quite the contrary, he is constantly giving the Crow's Roast family pep talks about how honoured he is to have them as coworkers. All in all, Hinata enjoyed working with them. That's not to say that he didn't rush home as soon as Suga flipped the sign hanging on their door from 'Open!' to 'Closed.'

After all, Hinata knew he'd be seeing the same crew again the very next morning. At this thought, Hinata smiled. The next day was sure to bring another cheerful morning, even if that grump Tsukishima was working. He knew Daiichi would stop by around noon, and Suga would take his break so that the two of them could sit together and chat. Maybe Ukai, the owner, would stop by. Hinata laughed at how that'd make Take-san smile a bit brighter. Yes, he was sure that tomorrow would be yet another simple day, quite like all the others he'd been having since he first applied for this job.

But tomorrow would not be like any other day. Because Hinata would meet him.

* * *

><p>The door to the Crow's Roast crashed open, revealing a very out of breath Hinata. The noise startled Sugawara, but he smiled at the younger boy anyway.<p>

"Hinata! Good morning," Suga said with his usual smile. Hinata grinned back.

"Suga-senpai! I beat my personal record!" Hinata ran from his apartment to the cafe daily. The wind in his hair, the blurred surroundings, and the rush he got was the perfect pick-me-up to him. Well, that, and the Crow's Roast Special Blend that Hinata drank in the mornings.

"That's wonderful," Suga stated, throwing Hinata the black apron with orange lettering that made up the coffee shops' uniform. Hinata simply grinned wider as he pulled the apron over his head and fumbled to tie it properly behind his back. The amused snicker coming from behind Hinata wiped the smile right off his face. Turning to face the perpetrator, Hinata frowned.

"Shut up, Tsukishima!"

"I have no interest in talking to children that can't even tie an apron properly."

Hinata pouted but let the squabble drop there. He was in too good of a mood for it to be ruined by Tsukishima Kei, the grumpy four-eyes that everyone knew was secretly a tsundere. Instead, Hinata began preparing the shop for opening. He took the chairs off the table where the employees leave them at night and placed them at their proper tables, making sure they were pushed in correctly. Seeing as Suga had already swept the night before, Hinata walked behind the

counter and poured himself some coffee, with a few added spoonfuls of sugar.

The Crow's Roast was a somewhat small cafe, but in a cute, cozy way. The walls consisted of dark, charcoal colored stone, that came up halfway before cutting off. The top half of the wall was painted a rust color. Large, and quite bright ceiling lamps brought the room a brightness one wouldn't think possible with such dark features. There were wooden tables littered throughout the main area, and a counter made up of the same charcoal stones as the walls, with a glass panel taking up half to display different pastries and breads. Behind this counter was a chair and a register, Hinata's station, as well as a multitude of coffee makers and hot beverage cups. The first thing a customer saw when he or she entered the shop was Hinata's station, and the large menu that was placed next to it.

Normally, Hinata would take a customers' order and handle the register while Tsukishima poured the requested coffee and grabbed anything else that was ordered. This was not going to be the case today, Hinata discovered, because as soon as he entered his station, Sugawara called out to him.

"Hinata, I ran into Makoto-san today, and she told me that she had some rather spectacular daisies in stock." Makoto was the elderly woman that owned the flower shop across the road. She had taken a liking to Suga a while back (because honestly, who doesn't?), and often gave them great deals when it comes to ordering flowers. Hinata always loved when someone brought flowers into the shop. They added a splash of freshness to the room.

"You want me to go and pick them out, Suga-senpai?" Hinata asked. Suga nodded, handing Hinata a few bills in order to pay for the flowers.

"I'd go myself, but I need to make some more croissants before we run out."

Suga was one of the few in the shop that could actually bake, a fact that had been learned the hard way. The kitchen lay behind the main room, accessible through a door in the wall behind the counter, to the far right of where Hinata sat. It consisted of a large counter, mostly used to roll and knead dough, a sink, a large oven that was obviously past its prime, a brand new refrigerator and freezer set, and a huge walk in closet full of supplies needed for the cafe. There was also a table and a few chairs, as well as some of the employees personal items such as jackets and umbrellas. This area was used mainly as a place to go during your break, or the place where everyone met if there was a mandatory meeting. Still, the back room was mostly the domain of Suga, who spent the most time there, baking.

And so, Hinata took the money for the flowers and left to buy them, leaving Tsukishima in charge of taking and fulfilling orders. It was still too early in the morning to worry about a rush of coffee lovers, so Hinata took his time crossing the street and entering the florist. When he opened the door, the smell of flowers tickled his nose, and he breathed in deeply.

The Secret Garden was originally owned by Makoto-san's late sister and brother-in-law. There were rumors about how the lovestruck couple

had eloped, and moved to Karasuno, leaving both of their families behind. Apparently, their relationship was condemned by both of their parents, but the two wanted none but the other. And so, they ran to this small town, to live the rest of their days together, selling flowers in their own personal secret garden.

Hinata didn't know if the story was true, but he liked to believe it was. It made his heart happy to think that there were people like that in the world. He'd like to experience that type of love someday. For now, he would stick to picking out flowers. Makoto-san had told Suga the truth. As soon as he entered, Hinata saw some particularly dazzling white daisies displayed in the front of the store.

The Secret Garden was plain to the eye, but they always had the most gorgeous flowers in stock, even on the off season. Hinata suspected some sort of magic, but rather than question it, he simply enjoyed the marvelous bouquets.

"Oh, you must be from the coffee shop."

Startled from his thoughts, Hinata jumped before whipping his head around to see the interloper of his thoughts. Seeing that it was none other than Makoto-san, he nodded frantically.

"Y-yes, ma'am, my name is Hinata Shoyo. Uhm, I think we've probably met before, once or twiceâ€¦"

"Of course, Hinata-kun, nice to see you again! I see you are here about our daisies." Makoto gestured to the white flowers.

"Nice to see you, too," Hinata replied, before turning back to the flowers, "And, yes. Suga-senpai told me that there would be some nice daisies in today, but these are awesome!"

Makoto chuckled at Hinata's enthusiastic expression.

"Indeed, they are quite lovely," Makoto agreed with a soft expression, "Here, pick out the ones you'd like and I'll ring you up."

Hinata nodded and spent the next few minutes carefully inspecting each individual daisy before choosing the proper amount he needed. However, by the time he went to pay for them, Makoto was helping another customer. Not wanting to disturb her, Hinata walked up to the check out by himself. He did not expect to see a somewhat familiar boy standing there, but there he was. Hinata recognized him vaguely from his college campus.

"Oh! You're that guy that always sits alone in my math class!" Hinata blurted out. The boy's eyes widened a bit, before he frowned, glaring at Hinata (though he was only trying to remember the red-head, and was not angry as Hinata assumed). Hinata fidgeted in his spot for a bit, until the other let out a soft "Ah!".

"The child-like one."

Hinata felt as if someone had stabbed him. As someone who was always shorter than the others his age, he took it very personally when someone referred to him as a child. The boy, realizing he seemed to hit a nerve, changed the subject abruptly.

"I'm Kageyama, by the way. You only want the daisies?" Hinata snapped back to attention, pouting slightly, but replying nonetheless.

"Hinata. And, yes."

The two fell into an awkward silence as Kageyama wrapped the flowers into a bouquet and calculated the price. Hinata handed over the money, and Kageyama gave him the flowers. After the short exchange was over, the bright haired boy left the florist and headed back to work.

As soon as he entered The Crow's Roast, Hinata dropped the flowers on the nearest table and rushed to help out Tsukishima with the hoard of caffeine deprived zombies attempting to push their way to the front of the line.

"Took you long enough!" Tsukishima muttered angrily while making a frappuccino. Hinata ignored the comment in order to talk to the next customer, and the next, until things finally settled down, and the last angry businessman had left with a black coffee and a complimentary bagel as an apology for the wait.

"Jeez," Tsukishima moaned, "Who comes to a cafe to order black coffee anyway?"

"I think it's great! More business for us!" Hinata smiled. He noticed that some time during the rush, Suga had come out of the kitchen, set up the daisies as a nice centerpiece on each table, and disappeared once again. The flowers were already affecting his already good mood, and he started to hum. It was because of Hinata's good mood that he became distracted, and didn't hear the door open or someone enter until he was standing right in front of him.

"Ehem!"

"Eh?" Hinata looked up to see none other than Kageyama.

"Makoto-san told me to bring these over here." Kageyama held up a dozen roses, some orange, others yellow. "She said that they would wilt tomorrow, and so you guys can have them for free."

Hinata noticed how Kageyama seemed dreadfully uncomfortable in this situation, so he simply took the flowers and said a quick "Thanks". The taller boy was about to walk out the door, when Sugawara walked out of the kitchen.

"Hmm? What's this? Roses?"

"Oh, Suga-senpai!" Hinata said, turning to face his coworker, "These are a gift, apparently, from Makoto-san. Aren't they lovely?"

"What!" Suga exclaimed, "Those are far too expensive to be considered a gift!"

"Uhm, Makoto-san said that she wouldn't be able to sell them before they wilt," Hinata said, while Kageyama nodded behind him. Suga seemed to come up with an idea, and he turned towards the kitchen

door.

"I know," the eldest boy stated, "I have freshly made banana bread. I'll send a loaf over withâ€|"

"Kageyama," the dark haired boy supplied.

"With Kageyama. And you tell her that she has our gratitude."

Suga retrieved the bread and handed it over to Kageyama. With that, he turned to leave once again. However, once he pulled the door open, the boy turned around once more.

"See you in class, Hinata." And with that, he was gone.

"Oh, is he a friend of yours Hinata?" Suga asked, curious. Hinata knit his eyebrows together and shook his head. Still, his mind was on Kageyama for the rest of the day. Sugawara merely smiled a knowing smile.

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